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THREE NOVELS.

Under the title "The Great Seven—The Greater Nine," which the author, Mr. John H. Flood, Jr., tells us is "a story for the people," we have a rather interesting and remarkable prophecy of what will be the condition of the people of the United States in the year 1920. In his forecasting of the future the author has not been able to take account of the possible influence upon it of the present difficulty with Spain, for the book came from the press of the W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago, some time before our present foreign entanglement had become so serious.

As a natural outcome of the system of monopolies and trusts, by the year 1920 the poor have become poorer, while the rich have attained such a condition of riches as the mind of even a nineteenth century millionaire cannot comprehend. A skilled mechanic can earn at best thirty cents a day, whereas the poorest of the "Great Seven" confesses to twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, and another of this powerful band to four thousand millions.

We say "powerful," for these "Great Seven" own and control railways, telegraphs, telephone and electric light lines, electric roads, pneumatic freight tubes, hundreds of steam and air ships, gold-mines, hundreds of thousands of acres of landed estates, whole towns, and considerable portions of great cities. They have dictated the financial policy of our country, and, indeed, that of Europe. They control the President, the Cabinet, Congress, and the Supreme Court. They move the world. And we find them meeting together "to practically decide the future of the whole human race."

But to these seven men two others are added, two who had been "leaders in the last great struggle for liberty," who had failed hitherto to move the seven hard-hearted oppressors of the poor to deeds of justice and mercy, but who have finally prevailed, and we find the "Greater Nine" now resolved to restore our country to a condition of sweetness and light, and to replace the yoke of Mammon with that of Jesus Christ. This they accomplish by a political revolution, placing in office men in sympathy with them,

and we put down the book feeling that the millennium has come indeed.

Mr. Flood has made an effort to open the eyes of his countrymen to the evils of our economic system by giving them a vivid and wonderfully imaginative political romance. He believes in the power of Christianity. It is an earnest effort with a noble purpose, and the book is far more deserving of a place on our shelves than many of the widely sold romances that abound in disgusting pictures of fraud and domestic infidelity.

We wish the author had been more considerate of the dignity of one of his characters, and had not spoken of him as *Rev.* Holston.

It is always with pleasure that we take up a novel bearing the Macmillan imprint, and "The Celebrity" and "The Pride of Jennico" are not exceptions. The moment our eye lights upon them, as they lie upon the counters of the book-shop, we wish to explore them, feeling sure that what lies within will not belie the promise of their attractive and inviting covers.

In "The Celebrity" Mr. Churchill gives us a pleasing story which turns upon a case of transferred identity, interspersed with many incidents which serve to give a rather rapid movement to the plot, and which keep the reader interested throughout.

At the outset we find ourselves in the office of a young Eastern lawyer who has settled "in an active and thriving town near one of the great lakes." We are introduced in turn to a highly educated forester, to a nouveau riche, upon whose lands the forester finds opportunity to exercise his skill, to a young lady spending the summer at the hotel of the place, and finally to "the Celebrity" whose fame is derived from the popularity of his stories, dealing "mainly with the affairs of aristocratic young men and aristocratic young women." "The Celebrity," we are told, "ran after women with the same readiness and helplessness that a dog will chase chickens, or that a stream will run down-hill," and so we are not surprised to find him carrying on a serious flirtation with the

young woman at the summer hotel, and later transferring his attentions to the niece of the newly rich man. For a time fate smiles upon him, and so does his newly found attraction. He enjoys the luxurious country place of the uncle for whom he is able to provide a much-desired position in the social scheme of the place. The uncle, whose knowledge of the social game is somewhat limited, allows "the Celebrity" to engineer him through all its sinuosities, providing, meanwhile, the sinews of war, and finally taking him off on his yacht for a trip on the lake.

Now, "the Celebrity," has been masquerading behind another man's name, in order to escape the annoyances imposed upon him because of his fame as a novelist, for, he complains: "Wherever I go I am hounded to death by the people who have read my books, and they want to dine and wine me for the sake of showing me off at their houses."

On the yacht he is confounded by a newspaper account of an embezzlement. The embezzler's name, by a singular mischance, is the one that he has assumed. His host reads the paper first, and points out the item to "the Celebrity," who then attempts to establish his identity by calling upon the lawyer, also on the yacht, who knew him in the East, and who, though having recognized him at the outset, now punishes him by refusing to come to the rescue. How the party finally agree to assist the supposed criminal to get over the border to Canada, being chased across the lake by the sheriff, and how the several young men and young women found their several affinities, we must leave the reader to discover for himself.

We find that the author allows his hero to *reminisce* on the subject of his experiences, and are again made aware "that the world do move."

The space allowed the reviewer will not permit him to recount his impressions of "The Pride of Jennico," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, which bristles with stirring incident. How it appealed to him can be best appreciated, perhaps, from his saying that he began it at eight o'clock one evening hoping to read himself to sleep, but instead read himself so wide

awake that five o'clock the next morning found him reading the closing pages, and wishing to write to the authors to send him on immediately "another of the same."

WYNDHAM'S "POEMS OF SHAKSPERE."

THE POEMS OF SHAKSPERE. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by George Wyndham. 8vo, pp. cxlvii, 343. New York and Boston; T. Y. Crowell & Company, 1898.

This handsome volume represents much scholarly and valuable work. The Sonnets of Shakspere have, of course, been gaining in reputation and in the affection of readers for the last fifty years, but the narrative poems of Shakspere have been overshadowed by the dramas, and even in the case of the Sonnets esthetic considerations have frequently been forced to yield to the interests of biography and historical criticism. Mr. Wyndham's volume has the rare merit of insisting upon the beauty and importance of the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" and of treating the Sonnets as poems of imperishable beauty rather than as documents for the solution of perennial mysteries connected with "Mr. W. H." and the "Dark Lady."

We have read the Introduction with great interest and the Notes with scarcely less. Perhaps a more experienced critic might have arranged his matter to better advantage, but it would be mere hypercriticism to fail to acknowledge the excellence of Mr. Wyndham's treatment of his fascinating subject, taken as a whole. We could wish that he had stressed more the parallel with Michelangelo's sonnets and that he had transferred to the Introduction some of the important points he makes in the Notes as to the identity of "Mr. W. H.," the "Dark Lady," and the "Rival Poets;" but we repeat that these are trifling matters.

It is impossible to enter here upon a minute examination of this admirable book, but we may say that we think Mr. Wyndham's conservative attitude toward the speculations of other critics and editors is amply justified. He seems to us to overthrow Mr. Sidney Lee's recent arguments in favor of Southampton as the dedicatee of the Sonnets, and